THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

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For The Child's Paper.

### WATER TERRACE—CENTRAL PARK.

The city of New York is twelve miles long, and not far from two miles wide. About two miles from the Battery at the south end, commence eleven wide streets, called "avenues," which run north, crossed by streets running east and west. You ride up from the Battery mile after mile, and see nothing but shops after shops, houses after houses, and all the sights and sounds of a great and busy people. After riding five or six miles, the buildings are more straggling. You find small wooden houses or shanties instead of brick, stone, or marble, with large spaces between, a great deal of rubbish, and more blue sky overhead.

If you ride up the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, or Eighth avenues, five miles from the Battery, you come to Central park, the pride of the city. It is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide, containing seven hundred and sixty-eight acres. Some of this was rocky, scrubby land, and some swampy and boggy. Ledges have been levelled, stones carted off, bogs filled up, and a force of more than three thousand men are at work to make it a most delightful spot for air, exercise, and healthy recreation.

Two of the Croton aqueduct reservoirs lie within its limits; one occupying thirty acres in the centre of the park, and the other one hundred and six. But these do not properly belong to the park. It has its own water, ponds and fountains here and there, producing a most picturesque effect

The Water Terrace is one of them. It is at the end of the Mall. The Mall is a fine walk, planted by rows of American elms. Here, where it slopes to the water, an ornamental stone terrace is being built, which, when the plan is completely carried out, promises to be one of the finest points in the park.

Opposite the Terrace, across this pond, is a charming spot called the Ramble, a grove with hillocks and hollows, wild wood and water, laid out in winding walks, where you can almost fancy yourself in a country forest instead of a noisy city. There are to be twenty-one miles of gravel walks, nine miles of carriage road, and five of bridle paths, winding in and out, and affording all the variety of landscape which the park offers. Beautiful as is the thronged park in summer, and the ponds edged with green, sparkling in the sun, or reflecting the lovely foliage around, I cannot forget what a merry look they have in winter, when the skaters are out, and the skaters' merry shouts echo on the frosty air. Hurrah, boys!

For The Child's Paper.

### THE HEART'S DOOR.

"I'll not forgive Fred as long as I live," said Dora angrily, as she came into the parlor, holding up before her mother the fragments of a beautiful little sofa, a piece of the set of furniture her uncle James had given her a few days before.

"Dora, my daughter!"

"Well, I mean just what I say," continued the excited little girl. "Fred came rushing into the summer-house just as he always does, and trod on it with his great boots; and when I spoke to him about it, he said he did n't care a bit, and wished he had broken the chairs too."

"Think before you say more, my dear. Perhaps you vexed Frederick by your manner of speaking."

"I only told him he was careless and ugly, and so he was. It 's too bad. No, I will never forget nor forgive it;" and as she turned over the pieces of the ruined toy in her hands, her face grew dark with revengeful feelings.

"Hark, Dora! Listen; some one is knocking, I 'm sure."

Little Willie, a three-year old younger brother, stopped playing with his blocks on the floor, and looked at the door as if expecting a visitor.

"What do you mean, mamma? I do n't hear any thing," said Dora.

"Have you forgotten, my daughter, that there is a door to your heart? You have opened it once this morning, and let in an evil, hateful thing. No picture that could be made of it would be too dark to represent what is now in your heart."

Dora hung her head, for she began to understand her mother.

"And now, if you will listen, you will hear One, your best Friend, at that door. He is knocking gently. Dear little daughter, let him in. He has a message for you, and it is, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses;' and that word 'men' means everybody, even Freddy, who, you think, has offended you so much."

Dora's heart was softening. The tears came into her eyes. She opened the door of her heart a little way. Willie, who had been listening, came, and putting his chubby arms round her neck, kissed her, but said nothing. Her *heart's door* swung wide open now, and Jesus entered.

"Yes, mother, I *will* forgive Freddy," sobbed Dora. "I was as much to blame as he, and I know I spoke spitefully, or he would have felt sorry when he did it."

"Then, my darling, thank that dear Friend who has found the way into your heart with his love, and go now to Freddy and make up with him."

Dora laid away the fragments of the sofa, and went out with sunshine in her face and joy in her heart, for its door was closed again, and *her Friend was within.* Cousin Ralph.

For The Child's Paper.

### LITTLE WISHES.

Two little boys were standing before a shop window looking in. They were looking with very eager eyes. There was a glass jar full of candy inside, and the jar had a hole in it. "See there," said one of the little boys, pointing to it with his finger. "If it was n't for this window, we 'd hook one of those sticks, would n't we?" "Oh, I wish," cried the other little boy—"I wish I had one." Those two little boys were in harm's way. What, by looking into a candy-shop? No, but by *coveting* the candy. They were breaking the tenth commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not covet *any thing* that is thy neighbor's." *Wishing* is often coveting. Let us see what it leads to.

A boy once in a school had a round tin whistle. It was a capital whistle, and he thought he could whistle all the tunes from "Old Hundred" to "Yankee Doodle." George —— wished he had it. He would whistle the old cow to the pasture bars, and not have to wait for her. He could whistle to his dog; not that he *had* a dog, but *if* he had one. *He* could learn tunes too, he knew he could. So he tried to bargain for the whistle. But no; Enoch Jones would n't part with it. That, however, did not stop George from wishing—*coveting*. How often, when it lay on Enoch's desk, George kept one eye on his book, and the other on the whistle.

One day he left his geography in school, and went to the master for the key of the schoolhouse in order to go in and get it. The master let him have it, and he went in. As he passed along to his desk, what should he spy on Enoch Jones' desk but the tin whistle. Enoch forgot it. George grabbed it. Then he took his book and made off. But he locked the door *easy*, and *crept* out the *back way*. Can you guess why? He hurried home; but he durst not show his newly-got treasure to his mother, or his elder brother, or his sisters. He was afraid even to whistle to the cow. Early one morning, up in the pasture, he took it from his pocket and whistled *easy*. Even that made him *uneasy*. It did not seem to sound *good*. Poor Enoch was very much disturbed when he found he had lost his whistle, and he asked every boy if he had seen it. George, I am afraid, like the rest, said "No," or dodged the question into meaning "no," some way or other. It was in his pocket all the while, and he was sometimes quite scared lest it should get out and whistle him a liar—a thief and a liar too. *If* it should!

Oh what disagreeable fancies Guilty Conscience whispers to us. One lays his account with a hard master when he gets under the lash of Guilty Conscience. One night too, as he lay abed thinking, he was so afraid the poor tin whistle would *whistle itself*, that he jumped up, took it from his trowsers' pocket, and hid it under his pillow.

Some time after, George went with his father into the forest to chop wood, and there he lost it. "Good riddance," he muttered to himself when he found it really gone. "Now it's all the same as if I had n't had it." All the same! Poor boy, he knew better. It was a root of bitterness to his dying day. Coveting, you see, leads so easily and naturally to other sins; and though George was not *found out*, he carried about in his bosom a sense of shame and guilt very hard to bear.

In this light you see what a foolish and wicked habit wishing, wishing, wishing is. They are little wishes perhaps, but they have long, bad roots to them. Do you not know children very apt to wish they had a rich father, or handsome clothes, or somebody else's time with nothing to do, or a watch, or "*any thing* which is their neighbor's." But the Bible says very differently. It says, "Let your conversation be *without covetousness;*" don't keep wishing. And it very beautifully adds, "Be *content* with such things as you have;" for He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He who said this is the great and blessed God; so that if we are in ever so great straits, very poor and very desolate, we can take God at his word, and trust him for help. Striving to obey the tenth commandment, in humble dependence upon the Holy Spirit to help you, will not only put a stop to a great many idle words, but it will take the roots of a wicked life from your heart.

For The Child's Paper.

### "I DON'T CARE."

"Mary, unless you keep more steadily at your work, I 'm afraid what mother gave you to finish before dinner will not be done," said an elder sister to a little girl who kept jumping up and running to the window to see the passers-by.

"*I don't care* if it is n't finished," was the reply; and again Mary dropped her work, and sat swinging her feet, while she commenced humming a tune, as if in defiance of all advice.

"But you will care by and by," continued Fanny. "When mother comes home and finds how idle you have been, she will not take you to ride this afternoon, as she promised if you were a good girl."

Mary was content to please herself for the time being; so the work was unfinished, and she had the mortification of seeing her mother and little brother drive off from the door without her, leaving her to console herself the best way she could for thus really *cheating herself* out of a long talked of pleasure.

"*I don't care*" has been the occasion of much sorrow in the world; and such carelessness about our duty to God and man will be the bitter lament of many a lost soul. * * *

For The Child's Paper.

### SUSIE WHITE AND HER LAMB.

During the struggle of the American colonies for liberty, their armies were often subjected to severe privations, for want of food.

During those troublous times there lived in a country town in Connecticut a good minister, who, though he had but little other wealth, was blessed with one sweet little daughter named Susie, about six years of age at the time of which I speak. Susie had a kind word for any in distress, and as usually follows, everybody loved her and was kind to her in return.

One day a rich farmer gave Susie a little pet lamb to bring up and keep for her own; and as her father had no flocks and herds, she was very much delighted with her pet. Every time it was washed she combed out its soft white wool with her own hands, then she would deck it with flowers, and sing songs to it while it lay sleeping at her feet, or talk to it about what she would do when it grew up to be a big sheep, declaring that it should never be any thing but her "own pet" as long as it lived.

One day a man from the settlements near Boston called to see her father, and told him about the battles that had been fought there, and how the soldiers were suffering for food; and prayed him to see what could be done in his church and congregation in the way of help for the suffering. Susie's attention was attracted at once, and laying down her toys, she crept close to her father's knee, and listened to all the strange man said. All that day Susie was very quiet and thoughtful; and when she heard the next day that the farmers around had raised a large flock of sheep and lambs to send to the relief of the sufferers, Susie declared that "Pet" should go too. Then with tearful eyes she combed out his soft wool for the last time, and led him forth to join the flock that was about starting to the relief of the poor soldiers. So the lamb was led off, and Susie never saw him any more. Was not she a true patriot? F. R. F.

For The Child's Paper.

### SOUND LOGIC.

"Sir," said a pious lad to his pastor one evening, "the fellows in our shop are always picking flaws in Christians, and arguing against the Bible, and I do n't know how to answer them." "The best logic any one can use," answered his pastor, "is the *logic of the life*. Give them that, and they can't gainsay you."

"The logic of the life?" asked the lad, not quite understanding what his pastor meant. "I will tell you," said he. "There was once employed at a dye-house as ungodly a set of fellows as could well be, scoffers at religion, despisers of the word of God, swearing, drinking, betting, fighting, gambling. At last one of the number was drawn to a prayer-meeting, when the Spirit of God laid hold of him. Poor John was almost in despair about his sins, which, he said, looked black and blacker. But Jesus Christ came and spoke peace to his soul. Light broke upon him. Old things passed away, and all things became new. John really was 'made over.' He gave up his cups and the companions of his cups. He brought home his wages, set up family prayer, and every thing, both within and without, wore an altered and improved look. Two of his fellow-workers, seeing this change for the better, took to John's new ways, reformed, went to meeting with him, and behaved like good Christians. John joined the church, and from a tiger he became a lamb.

"John's religion was severely put to the proof at the dye-house. The dyers bantered him, ridiculed him, swore at him, and brought all their infidelity hotly to bear against both him and his religion. Tom and Jem tried for a time to stand up for him, and withstand the ungodly storm of their persecuting associates; but after a while they *gave in*, grew ashamed of their religion, deserted John, and went back to their old ways. As for John, much as his temper was tried, he bore himself patiently, watched over his weak points, clung closer to Christ, and stood firm as a rock. Poor John never undertook to *say* much; but his consistent Christian life was a powerful plea in behalf of his principles. One day, however, after his fellow-workmen had been boasting what good infidelity would do, and how much harm the Bible had done, John's soul was stirred within him; he turned round, and said feelingly, but firmly, 'Well, let us deal plainly in this matter, my friends, and judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. You call yourselves infidels. Let us see what your principles do. I suppose what they do on a small scale they will do on a large one. Now there are Tom and Jem,' pointing to the two who went with him and then turned back. 'You have tried your principles on them, and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ, they were civil, good-tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week, their children half clothed, their wives broken-hearted, their homes wretched. That is what your principles have done.

"'Now I have tried Christ and his religion: and what has it done for me? You know well what I used to be. There were none of you that could

drink so much, swear so desperately, and fight so masterly. I had no money, and nobody would trust me. My wife was ill-used. I was ill-humored, hateful, and hating. What has religion done for me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Am I not a better workman and a kinder companion? Would I once have put up with what I now bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily now as ever. Why don't I? Do you hear a foul word from my mouth? Do you catch me at a public-house? Has any body a score against me? Go and ask my neighbors if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife. Let my house bear witness. God be praised, here is what Christianity has done for me; there is what infidelity has done for Jem and Tom.'

"John stopped. The dyers had not a word to say. He used a logic they could not answer, the *logic of the life*. If you cannot *argue*, you can *act*. If you cannot reason with the enemies of the Bible, you can live out its blessed truths, and so 'with *well-doing* put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.'"

For The Child's Paper.

### LITTLE ELLEN AND HER FATHER.

"Mamma, I wish I could go to Sabbath-school," said little Ellen, looking up into the face of her parent. "Well, my child, I have no particular objections myself, but I have often heard your father say that his children should not attend those places." "Not let us go, mamma? Why? Mary Jones goes, and Sarah Morton, and Julia Holmes too. Everybody says Mr. Morton is a wicked man; but he lets Julia attend the Sunday-school, and I wish I could go. Wont you ask papa when he comes to dinner? Please, mamma, will you?" "I will ask him some time, my child; but whether I ask him to-day or not, must depend upon how he happens to feel."

Little Ellen's father was a stern man, an open opposer to the truth. His heart had never been softened by grace, and when little Ellen's attending the Sabbath-school was cautiously suggested by the mother, Mr. Morton flew into a passion, and declared that his children should be kept away from such influences. He did not believe in the "*hue and cry*" made by religious people to frighten children out of their wits.

Little Ellen heard her father's remarks with a sorrowful heart; but the moment she was fully convinced he would not allow her to go, that moment she resolved to seek God with her whole heart; and so she did. Every day she went alone by herself and read a chapter in the Bible, and after a little while she committed to memory the lesson each week, and recited it to one of her playmates that attended the school. Weeks flew by, and Ellen read her Bible more earnestly, and grew more and more thoughtful.

By and by, the father inquired the cause of Ellen's soberness. Her mamma had been convinced for weeks that her child was seeking the Lord, and though not a pious woman, she resolved not to oppose her. Some slight reply was made to Mr. Morton, and no more said of the matter.

One morning in early autumn Mr. Morton was seen hurrying for a physician; his little daughter was very ill. It proved to be a bad form of scarlet-fever. The father was in great distress, but would not consent to saying one word to her about dying. "If she *must* go, let her go in peace." But her mother, at a favorable moment when she had her reason, gently hinted the prospect of death. To the surprise of all, the dying girl seemed fully aware of her short stay on earth, and not only manifested a willingness to give up life at an early age, but appeared eager to depart and be with Christ. She informed her mother that when she heard her father's decision that she could not attend the Sabbath-school, she commenced reading her Bible with more eagerness, and attending to secret prayer. She found her dear Saviour very precious, and hoped she should go and be with him in heaven.

Her father saw there had been a great change in his little daughter, which he could not comprehend. That father had never been a lover of the Bible, but now he was occasionally seen perusing it. At the request of his wife, he attended church, and he appeared quite different from his former self. The pastor and members of the church manifested an interest in his eternal well-being, and by and by his heart yielded. It was a struggle, and a great one; but the Spirit of Christ conquered, and Mr. Morton was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. The wife had already obtained hope through grace, and both became members of the church the same day. A few months had wrought great changes in the family. Their beloved daughter had gone to heaven, and *through her example* both the father and the mother had been brought to a knowledge of the truth. See what a child may do to advance the cause of Christ. L. M.

For The Child's Paper.

When I was a child, my mother had an ostrich plume in her hat, which it was my delight to look at. She said it was found in the desert of Africa, where the ostrich shed its feathers. Only think of finding such a beautiful thing in a desert. Does it live there? The ostrich is sometimes called the camel-bird, because it dwells in waste and solitary places, and can go a long while without water. You have perhaps heard it called a "silly bird," because it was said that when pursued it often pokes its head into the sand, and imagines itself hid, forgetting that all the while its big body is exposed to sight, offering a fine mark to the hunter. Better acquaintance with the ostrich corrects this scandal. On the contrary, it is one of the wariest of birds; besides, it could not live with its nose in the sand any better than we could.

It always keeps a sharp look-out for danger, and for this reason it is almost impossible to take one alive. In order to get a shot at one, the hunter has to dig a hole near the pools or brooks where they come to drink, in which he hides, and then shoots one if he can. The least movement or noise startles them, and they are off with the speed of an antelope. You know they outrun the swiftest horse; with a foot something like a camel's, having a soft pad underneath, and only two toes, one seven inches long, with a great claw, the other four inches, and no claw. You have seen their eggs perhaps; cream-colored and very large, one would hold a quart of water. They lay their eggs in the sand; but they do not leave the sun to hatch, or the hot sand to nurse them: mother ostrich carefully tends all she can; the rest of the eggs—a nest often contains thirty or forty—she rolls one side, and these afford food to the little ones when they are hatched.

The bird is very tall, seven or eight feet high, and each of its wings is a yard long when the feathers are stretched out; but for all that, it cannot fly.

There is an Egyptian tale about the ostrich, which says its wings are clipped, and pretends to account for it. As it may account for the fall of many a soaring spirit of human plumage, I will relate it to you. The race had once been beautiful, strong of wing, and high in flight. Then one evening one of the largest forest birds said to the ostrich, "Brother, shall we fly to-morrow, God willing, to the river and drink?" And the ostrich answered, "Yes, I will." At dawn they flew away, first up towards the sun, higher and higher, the ostrich far above the others. It flew on in its pride up towards the light; it relied upon its own strength, not upon the Giver of that strength; it did not say, "God willing." Then the avenging angel drew aside the veil from the streaming flames, and in that moment the bird's wings were burnt, and he sank in wretchedness to the earth. Neither he nor his species were ever afterwards able to raise themselves up in the air. They fly timidly—hurry along in a narrow space. They are a warning to mankind, in all our thoughts and all our enterprises, to say, "God willing."

For The Child's Paper.

### SKIPPING AND SKIMMING.

Two bad habits increasing among the young folks; some of them, at least. "Why, is it bad to skip, or to skim?" you ask perhaps. That depends upon how and what you skip and skim.

I find there is a great deal of skipping and skimming in the way the children read their books in these days, and that is bad. It is a loose, careless, hasty way of reading, which snatches up only the story, and hardly that, leaving out all the instruction, thought, purpose of the book, and making pretty much all of it a confused jumble, like type in pi.

"We have so *many* books." Yes, some of you have, and it is a pity, for you do not value them as the few I used to have in my childhood. These few were not only read with great attention the first time, but they were read and reread, put away, brought back and read again, and the consequence was they made an impression. I feel their power to this day. The true way to read is first to select, or to have selected for you, a book that is *worth reading;* then read it carefully, thoughtfully, attentively. Read it to remember it, and read it accurately.

Let me tell you about a little boy. His auntie gave him some cards with the kings and queens of England pictured on them. Then, as he was inquisitive to know who they all were, she used to tell him the history of their different reigns, and the good and the bad things they did. Her stories interested the little boy, and he listened very attentively. As he was playing with his cards one day, his papa took one up and asked him whose face that was on the card. The little boy told him, and moreover gave a good account of that king's reign. His papa was much surprised, and asked him about another; and so he went on and gave a correct little story of them all. Papa was very much pleased, and the next day gave his little son three large volumes of English history. The child could not read yet, he was only three years old; but he was *so attentive.*

When he was eight years old, this same little boy read a book, which, forty years after, he quoted accurately from by memory, when writing a lecture to be delivered before a body of learned men; nor had he ever seen the book since. How carefully he must have read it. How clear it must have been in his mind. No skipping or skimming there, I reckon; no confused jumble.

That little boy became a distinguished teacher, the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby school. This is the kind of reading and hearing which makes good memories and stores up useful information.

### WHAT?

Oh, what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book—
Such grace to mine be given.

Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God his Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour, Friend—
Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in his sight—
Such grace to mine be given.

### THE BLUEBIRD.

I am so blithe and glad to-day!
At morn I heard a bluebird sing:
The bluebird, warbling soul of spring,
The prophet of the leafy May,
And I knew the violets under the tree
Would listen and look the bird to see,
Peeping timidly here and there
In purple and odor to charm the air;
And the wind-flower lift its rose-veined cup
In the leaves of the old year buried up;
And all the delicate buds that bloom
On the moss-beds, deep in the forest gloom,
Would stir in their slumber and catch the strain,
And dream of the sun and April rain:
For spring has come when the bluebird sings
And folds in the maple his glossy wings;
And the wind may blow and the storm may fall,
But the voice of summer is heard in all.

I am so blithe and glad to-day!
My heart beside the bluebird sings,
And folds serene its weary wings,
And knows the hours lead on to May.

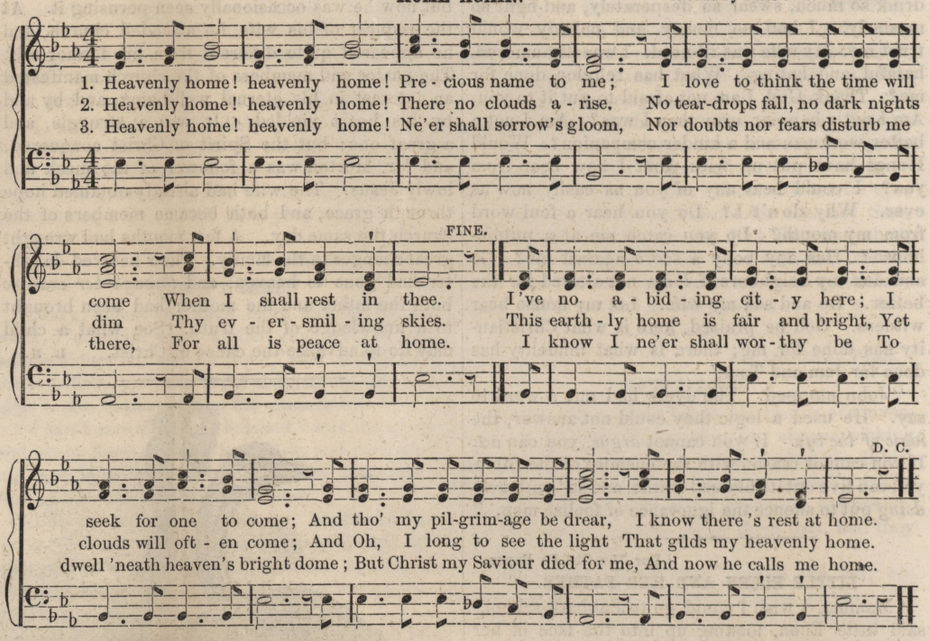
### EASY LESSONS.

A little boy was put into his father's study while his mamma went out. He was only three years old; and he must keep very still, lest he worry papa. Papa must not be disturbed; Oh no. The little boy must not talk; he must not touch things; he must mind his ps and qs, and be quiet, very quiet indeed. a good little boy. But children are restless. They can't keep still; can they? The little boy crept about as softly as could be. "Hush!" Creep, creep, creep. Off came a table-cover, over went a footstool, rattle went the newspapers. Of course papa was disturbed. His little boy drove his ideas off, and the busy pen must needs stop. Did papa thunder out, "Be still?" Did he scold? Did he bid the little fellow, "Be off?" No. What *did* papa say? "Now you be my little dog," he said; "creep into your house there under the table, and lie quite still." *That* was a command there was no difficulty in obeying; and except an occasional bow-wow, there was perfect quietness. The little boy knew it was necessary to keep still, for a dog in a study, he knew, *must* keep still; and was not he a little dog?

This was an "Easy Lesson" in the hard book of Self-restraint which a little boy *could* learn.

### HOME AGAIN.

Words by Miss J. W. Sampson.


1. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Pre - cious name to me; I love to think the time will
2. Heavenly home! heavenly home! There no clouds a - rise. No tear-drops fall, no dark nights
3. Heavenly home! heavenly home! Ne'er shall sorrow's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears disturb me
FINE.
come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; I
dim Thy ev - er - smil - ing skies. This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Yet
there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall wor - thy be To
D. C.
seek for one to come; And tho' my pil-grim-age be drear, I know there 's rest at home.
clouds will oft - en come; And Oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heavenly home.
dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome; But Christ my Saviour died for me, And now he calls me home.

### "WHAT ARE BIRDS GOOD FOR?"

I will tell you. The rice birds of Carolina were once considered a great pest by some people. I hope a great many others knew better. The little creatures gather round the fields in harvest-time, and of course eat a good deal of grain. Some years ago it was determined to make war on them, and drive them off; and the effort partially succeeded. "What were the birds good for?" The rice planter soon found out, for with the decrease of the birds, the *worms* increased so fast, that instead of a few scattering grains to feed the birds, the whole crop was wanted to fill the hungry maw of the army which came to destroy every young shoot that sprung up. The birds were invited back again with a hearty welcome. Rice cannot be cultivated without them.

A few years ago the blackbirds of Northern Indiana were considered a great nuisance by the farmers. Whole fields of oats and corn were sometimes destroyed. The farmer sowed and they reaped. He scolded and they twittered. Occasionally a charge killed a score; but it made no more impression upon the great sea of birds than a bucket of water from the ocean. A few years later, every thing on the land seemed destined to destruction by the army-worm. Man was powerless—a worm among worms. But the hated blackbirds came to his relief, and proved his best friends. No human aid could avail. So that God has given us the beautiful birds to be our friends and fellow-workers in the cultivation of the soil. And the laborer is surely worthy of his hire. Why should we grudge the food claimed by them, who follow the plough and snatch the worm away from the seed, that it may produce grain for his and our use? No honest man would cheat a bird of his spring and summer wages.

We have taken The Child's Paper from the beginning, and my little daughter is so pleased with it, that she wished other children to have it. Remembering that "where there 's a will there 's a way," she went out two afternoons and got ten subscribers. We send the money, and hope other little girls will do likewise, till every family in the land shall be supplied with a good child's paper.

Mrs. J. S——, Pa.

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